



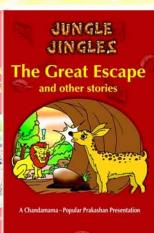


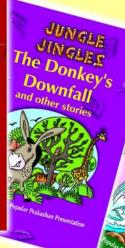
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#### **VOL. 37**

The Seat of Justice

(Vikram and Vetala)

The coming of

**Humour his Armour** 

(Humorous Story)

**Two Brothers** 

(A folktale from

**Himachal Pradesh)** 

**Glimpses of Devi** 

A question of being

**Bhagavatam** 

(Mythology)

fair-minded (A page from

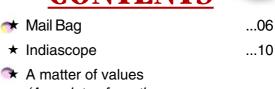
Kamal

(Ruskin Bond)

#### **APRIL 2006**

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# HEALTHY MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY

Like the two sides of a coin, there are both good and bad forces that are reflected in our thoughts and which influence our actions. It is not always easy to define what is good and what is bad. The issue is often a matter of debate.

Take for instance human values. What is useful or helpful or self-less is normally considered universally good, while what harms people or hurts their feelings, or generally endangers life is supposed to be bad or evil. Now the question is, how do we all adopt the values considered good in our life? It will, of course, depend on how healthy one's mind and body are to imbibe the values.

Someone may be physically and mentally strong. However, if he is not able to utilise such strength for the benefit of the larger humanity and if he only believes in being self-centred and continues to acquire more and more power for himself, he is often compared to a demon as described in our scriptures. If a person adopts clean habits and remains disciplined and pursues some ideals, he can then be a worthy member of society.

Health does not mean mere physical health One must be in possession of a healthy mind that can respond to positive forces. Only then can one be described a healthy person. Swami Vivekananda had once said: "When meanness will vanish from you, you will get new vigour in mind and body, and those who come in contact with you will also feel that they have really got something uplifting from you."

As we observe World Health Day on April 7, let us remember that a healthy mind in a healthy body makes a complete man.

I am interested in this world, in this life, not some other world or future life.

- Jawaharlal Nehru

A completely planned economy ensures that when no bacon is delivered, no eggs are delivered at the same time. - Leo Frain God is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in trouble.

God's laws are eternal and unalterable and not separable from God himself. He who strives never perishes.

- Mahatma Gandhi

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#### Reader L.S. Rodu James of Senapati, Manipur, has this to say:

I have been reading your magazine for the last few years. It really gives me pleasure and happiness. I am proud of the magazine. You can take out G-Man comics and print something else in its place.

#### Nandita Menon writes from Delhi:

It was a surprise seeing my story in the magazine. I was very excited when I saw it. The illustrations to the story were excellent. They resembled the characters in my story. Everyone appreciated the way it was presented.

#### Vidya Kishore Baglodi of Sharjah writes:

The poem on seasons was beautiful. It made me visualise the seasons. If children read it, they will definitely know what happens during different seasons. Hats off to the young writer. The editorial on the dread of exams was an eye-opener. Self-discipline is now lacking in people. Parents must put more emphasis and inculcate and educate the young minds on the importance of this aspect which leads to perfection. This is my view, too.

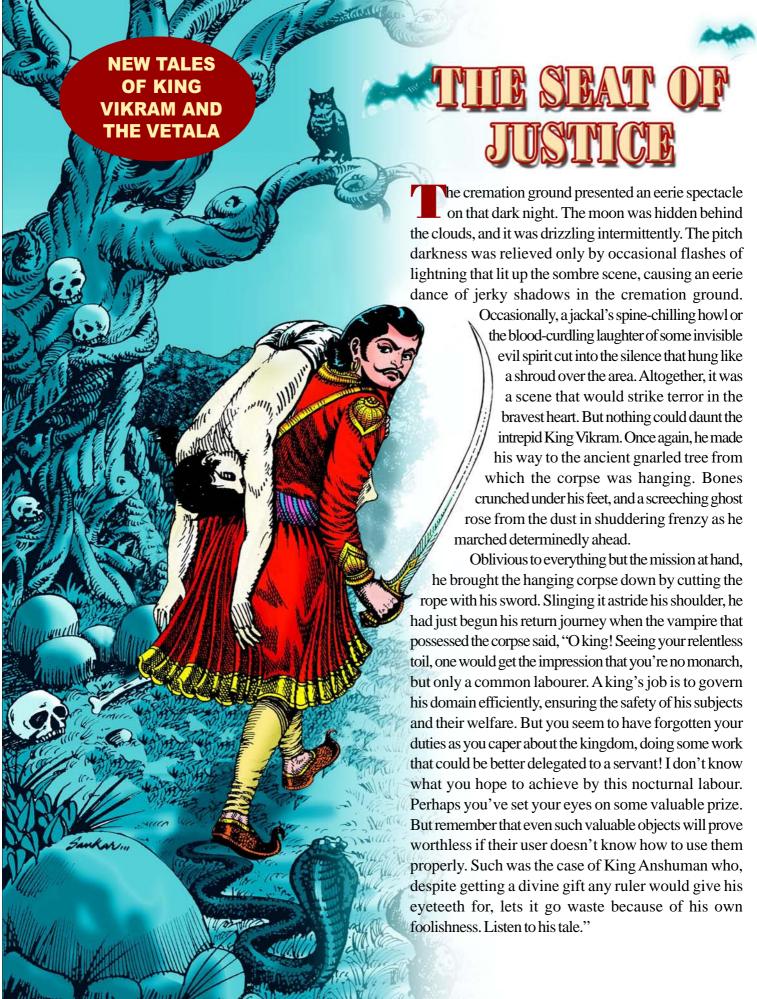
#### This came from Manjima Mukherjee, Kolkata:

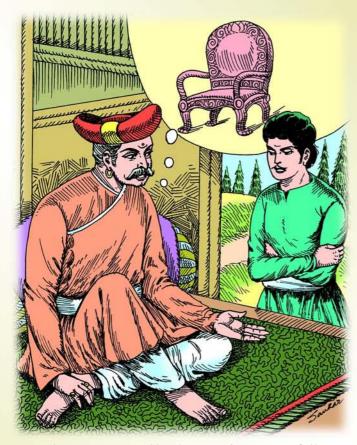
I just love *Chandamama*. My favourites are Vikram-Vetala stories. Can you devote a page or two for current affairs?



#### Reader Ashwin Kumar writes from Hyderabad:

It is said "Chandamama's influence is for eternity." People who have grown on it have found it one of the sane forces which helped people like me in times of adversity not to lose the real values of good teaching. Our entire family used to read Chandamama when we were kids, and most of us still do. My cousin is reliving his childhood through his son, and the first thing he did for his summer holidays is to bring in all old Chandamama issues and his America-born kids are enjoying them like anything. Truly, Chandamama and its pages are true treasures of our Indian culture. On behalf of the entire family, I humbly thank Chandamama for its service to children.





The story narrated by the vampire went as follows: Anshuman, the crown-prince of Pavanagiri, had his training under Pandit Vidyaprasad, a renowned scholar. When his training period came to an end, his guru called him aside and said, "My boy, you've now learnt everything I've to teach you. Very soon, you'll become the King of Pavanagiri. A king bears an onerous responsibility – he has to solve many vexatious problems using his intelligence and discretion. In this regard, I shall give you a gift which you'll find helpful. It's a copper throne having remarkable magic powers, which I received from my guru. Whenever you're called upon to deliver judgment on some particularly knotty issue, just make the concerned person sit on the chair. It will help you arrive at the solution. Take it and use it when you become the king. If ever in future you feel that it is of no use to you, return it to me."

The king had just been waiting for the prince to complete his education. Soon afterwards, he abdicated in his son's favour, and Prince Anshuman's coronation was performed on a grand scale. Having entrusted the responsibilities of administration to him, his father then

left the kingdom on a long pilgrimage. The new king applied himself diligently to his duties, and soon earned himself a name as an able administrator. The magic throne, named the Seat of Justice, had pride of place in his *durbar*, next to his own throne. However, he found no occasion to use it.

One day, the royal guards brought a captive in chains into the court. The king was delighted to see that it was Veerabahu, a notorious burglar who had been eluding capture for two years.

Undecided as to what punishment to confer on the prisoner, the king decided to leave the issue to the Seat of Justice. He ordered Veerabahu to sit on the magic throne. The moment Veerabahu took his seat, a divine voice boomed: "This robber deserves to be thrown into prison for the rest of his life."

At this juncture, the head of the espionage division rose, bowed to the king and submitted, "Your majesty! There is no doubt that Veerabahu has burgled the houses of many wealthy people. However, it may be noted that he has never hurt or killed anyone till date. Moreover, he has robbed only those who are known to have amassed wealth by illegal means. He has never spent his booty or used it for his own benefit, but has always distributed it among the poor and the needy." He then produced several records to prove the undeniable truth of his claim.

After checking the evidence, the king sat lost in thought for a few minutes. Finally, he declared to the assembly, "Veerabahu is hereby appointed the chief of the vigilance division, whose job is to root out corruption from the administration." All sat stunned, unable to believe their ears.

Freed from his fetters, Veerabahu bowed to the king and said in an emotion-choked voice, "I shall be ever grateful to Your Majesty for believing in me and appointing me to a position of trust. I swear that I will never betray your trust; and I shall diligently fulfil the responsibility entrusted to me."

Days passed. As the king's birthday drew near, contests in several fields were organised as part of the festivities. The best athletes and warriors in the land crossed swords on this occasion. There were clear results for all the contests, except in archery in which two archers

excelled. One was Vijay, a nobleman, and a relative of the king, while the other was Bhairay, a tribal. Both were found to be equally well matched. As only one prize could be awarded, the judges were in a dilemma.

To relieve this deadlock, a final round was organised. But here, too, both struck the target with ease.

Unable to resolve the issue, the judges eventually went to the king. He first invited Vijay to sit on the Seat of Justice. As soon as he had taken his seat, a voice spoke – "Congratulations to the winner of the archery contest!"

As the Seat of Justice had given its verdict, there was no doubt the king would now declare Vijay as the winner.

But they were in for a surprise. The king now asked Bhairay, too, to sit on the Seat of Justice. Great was their astonishment when the divine voice repeated, "Congratulations to the winner of the archery contest!"

The assembly sat wonderstruck. But the king smilingly announced, "I hereby declare Bhairav the winner of the contest." Turning to his minister, he ordered, "See that the throne is sent back to Pandit Vidyaprasad tomorrow itself."

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O king, there's no doubt that the copper throne did have magical powers. But in the case of robber Veerabahu, the king not only vetoed the throne's verdict, but went one step further, by appointing the condemned criminal to a position of honour! Wasn't his action wrong? Secondly, coming to the question of the archery contest,

why did the king declare Bhairav as the winner when both had performed equally well and when the magic throne had also adjudged both of them as winners? Wasn't it yet another error of judgment? But the crowning blunder of them all was to return the throne to his guru. Was there any justification for his actions? If you know the answer, speak up. I warn you – if you choose to keep quiet despite knowing the answer, your head shall split into a thousand fragments!"

King Vikram calmly answered, "The king was aware of this. He overthrew the throne's verdict in Veerabahu's case on the basis of the evidence given by the head of the espionage division. He realised that Veerabahu was actually a friend of the masses and a scourge of the corrupt and greedy officials. That is why he thought it fit to appoint him chief of the vigilance division.

"As for the archery contest, King Anshuman took a broader view. While Vijay was a rich nobleman, Bhairay was a tribal living in the forest, with presumably no access to training facilities. The king concluded that he deserved the prize more.

The king returned the throne to his guru, because not even a magical chair could be as good as the human brain in judging issues. He was confident of arriving at the right judgment by applying his own intelligence and commonsense. So, his decision to send it back was fully justified."

The next moment, the vampire, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree.





#### **USHERING IN SPRING**



he women of Udaipur in Rajasthan always eagerly look forward to the Mewar Festival, marking the advent of spring. They attire themselves in clothes of vibrant colours and gather at Gangaur, where they dress up the idols of Isar (Easwar) and Gauri (Parvathi) and take them in a ceremonial procession to the Ganguar Ghat of lake Pichhola. The idols are then carried in a procession of boats, which is a colourful sight. There will be singing of devotional songs. This is followed by cultural events, including songs and dances. The grand finale comes off with a fireworks display.

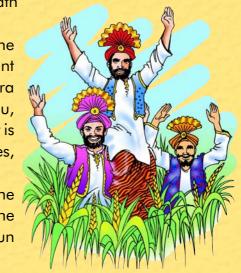
The arrival of spring is marked in Punjab by **Baisakhi**, which is a harvest festival. It comes off on April 13 – the first day of the month of Vaishakha. Men and women break into revelry by joining the vigorous Bhangra dance.

Baisakhi day is also celebrated as **Naba Barsha** or new year in many parts of north India, which begins on April 14. In W.Bengal, people take a ritual bath

and decorate their houses with floral patterns called rangoli.

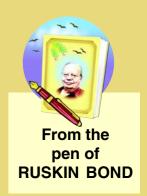
In Assam, where Bihu festivals are held at different times of the year, the **Rangali Bihu** or the spring festival is the most important of all Bihus. Also called Bahag Bihu, it marks the end of Chaitra and beginning of a new year. On the first day, called Garu Bihu, cattle are given a bath and decorated with turmeric. The next day is Manush Bihu, when men, women and children put on new clothes, eat special delicacies and distribute alms.

If it is Bihu in Assam, it is **Vishu** in Kerala – also marking the start of a new year. The month of Medam begins on April 14. The day coincides with the Tamil New Year, marking the transit of Sun to the Mesha *rasi*.





## THE COMING OF KAMAL



y parents had given me a small room perched on top of the bungalow. I was sitting on my bed one morning, watching a cheeky myna hopping about on the window sill, when somebody shouted up to me from below.

"Does anyone live up there?"

"No," I shouted back, "nobody lives up here!"

There was a moment's silence.

"Then can I come up?" asked the person below.

"What do you want to come up for?" I said.

"To see the voice that belongs to nobody!"

"All right, come on," I said. "I wouldn't mind seeing what you are, either."

"Do I just walk up the steps?"

"That's right. There are twenty-one steps. After that, turn right and you will be facing the door of my room. Twenty-one steps, remember. If you take twenty-two, you will fall off the roof."

I heard him coming up. The myna flew off the window sill and settled on the mango tree. A warm wind came through the garden, and the leaves moved restlessly.

Aboy stood in the doorway, smiling at me. He was a little taller than Anil, but thinner. He wore a red sports shirt, khaki shorts, and strong Peshawari sandals. A tray hung from his shoulders, filled with an assortment of goods.

"Here I am," he said. "Anil sent me."

"Anil is out of town for a week," I said.

"I know. He told me before he left."

He looked about the room, at my cricket bat and books; then he looked

through the opposite door, which opened out on the roof.

"Is it your roof?" he asked.

"The house is my father's," I said. "But the roof is mine."

He stood at the door of the roof and looked out over the trees and the tops of houses, at the circle of blue mountains rising from the edge of the forest.

"If the roof is yours, the world is yours," he said. "Nobody can prove it isn't."

He turned to me and came back to business.

"Would you like to buy something?"

In his tray were combs, buttons, reels of thread, shoelaces and cheap perfumes. I felt I had to buy



something, now that he'd come all the way up my twentyone steps. I didn't really need a comb, but I bought one for ten paise.

"You need buttons," he said.

"No. I don't," I replied.

"The top button of your shirt is missing," he observed.

"I never button my shirt at the neck, so it doesn't matter."

"That's different," he said, and looked me over for further signs of wear and tear. "You'd better buy a pair of shoelaces."

"I've got laces," I said, making sure they were on my shoes.

He bent down to look at the laces, took one between his fingers, and snapped it in two.

"Very poor quality," he said. "See how easily it breaks!"

"Well, just for that I'm not going to buy any," I said.

He sighed, shrugged, and moved towards the door. "You buy a comb, which you do not need. But you will not buy buttons and laces, which you do need."

He walked slowly downstairs, and I stood in the doorway, watching him go. I was a little sorry that he was leaving; with Anil away, I did not have much company.

"What's your name?" I called out after him.

He smiled and nodded and disappeared round the side of the house.

In the evening I could see the bazaar lights from the roof and hear the jingle of tonga bells. It was becoming hotter day by day, and in the evenings everyone in town went for a walk to enjoy the breeze.

"Kamal," he replied. "Well, come again," I said. Chandamama 12

April 2006

I found it difficult to walk fast on the bazaar road; besides the large number of pedestrians, there were cyclists and handcarts making movement difficult. At a little tea shop, film music was being played over a loudspeaker, adding to the noise and confusion. The balloon man was having a trying time. He was surrounded by a swarm of children who were more anxious to burst his balloons than to buy any. One or two broke away from the bunch, and went sailing over the heads of the crowd to burst over a fire in the chaat shop.

Near the clock tower the road widened and became less congested. There was a street lamp at the corner. A boy was sitting on the pavement beneath the lamp, bent over a book, absorbed in study. The noise from the road did not appear to disturb him. When I went nearer, I noticed that the boy was Kamal. The book he was reading was *David Copperfield*, abridged; it was probably part of his English course.

I couldn't make up my mind whether or not to stop and talk with Kamal or carry on without disturbing him. I felt I should have spoken to him, and yet, I didn't...

When I had gone some way down the road I felt ashamed at not having at least greeted him, and turned around and walked back. But when I reached the lamp post, Kamal had gone.

When he came again he did not call out from below, but came straight upstairs. He examined my shirt and my shoes, and discovered that one of my shoes was still done up with only half a lace. Triumphantly, he dropped a pair of shoelaces on the bed.

"I can't pay for them now," I said.

"You can pay me later."

"I don't get much pocket money, you know."

"But surely your father will pay for shoelaces," he said.

He had me there. Pocket money was, of course, meant only for sweet shops and bicycle hire and the Laurel and Hardy reissues that came to town every month.

"You go to school," he said. "I am taking my matriculation examination at the end of the month. If I pass...."

I could see he was thinking of the things he might be able to do if he passed. He could study for a degree,

become a doctor or an engineer or a lawyer–he'd make a good lawyer, I thought–and there would be no need to sell buttons and combs at street corners.

"Have you no parents?" I asked.

"They died when I was very small," he said. 'That was when the country was divided, and we had to leave our homes in the Punjab. I think they were killed, but I did not see it happen. I was lost in the crowd at the railway station.'

"Do you remember them well?"

"A little. My father was a farmer. He was a strict man and spoke only when it was necessary. My mother was kind, and would give me what I liked, and would sing to me in the evenings. When I lost them, I was looked after in the refugee camp. The people in charge were going to send me to a children's home, but I ran away from the camp. Soon I was making my own living. I like to be on my own, I am happier that way."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Anywhere. On somebody's verandah, or in the Maidan, it doesn't matter in the hot weather. In winter, people are kind and give me places to sleep."

"You can stay here whenever you like," I said. "I'm sure my people won't mind."

"Thank you," he said. "I will come one day."

He looked out across the roof. "Don't you feel lonely up here? It



is so quiet. I like to be near people, where there is talking and laughter."

"So do I, sometimes. But I like to be alone, too. I'm going to be a writer. I suppose I won't make much money, but if I like writing and if I have a few good friends, I should be happy."

One day I accompanied him on his rounds. We met as he came out of an old house. There were two marigolds on his tray.

"An old lady lives here," he said. "Some say she is really a Maharani, but she is very poor now, and the house is falling to pieces. But she always buys something from me. And when I leave, she gives me one or two flowers from her garden."

At another house, a little further down the road, Kamal was met by a girl of his own age, who chatted with him and went through his tray without buying anything. She had a round, fresh face, long black hair and wasn't wearing any shoes. Kamal gave her the two marigolds, and she took them and ran indoors.

"She never buys anything," said Kamal, "but she likes



to talk to me. Once I gave her a ribbon, but her mother made her pay for it."

One morning, when I opened the door of my room, I found Kamal asleep at the top of the steps. His tray lay on one side. I shook him gently and he woke immediately, blinking in the sharp, early morning sunshine.

"Why didn't you come in?" I asked. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"It was late, Laurie. I didn't want to disturb you."

"Somebody could have stolen your things."

"Oh, nobody has ever stolen anything from me."

He stayed in my room that night, and we sat up till past midnight, talking of different things. I told him of Jersey, the island where I had spent much of my youth, of London, where I had often gone with my parents, and of my voyage out to India by way of the Suez Canal. He, in turn, told me about his village in the Punjab, and of his hopes and ambitions.

The exams came at last, and for a week Kamal put aside his tray of merchandize and spent his time at the examination centre. He was quite confident that he had done his papers well, and when it was all over, he took up his tray and went on his rounds again.

On the day the results were expected, I rose early and walked to the news vendor. Anil was there, too, buying vegetables for his mother. We bought a paper and looked down the columns concerning our district but we couldn't find Kamal's number in the list of successful candidates.

We were very disappointed. When I returned to my room, I found Kamal sitting on the steps. I didn't have to tell him the news. He already knew it. I sat down besides him, and we were silent for some time.

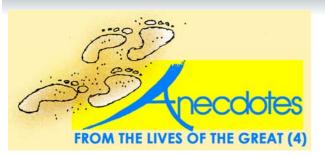
"If only you'd had more time to study," I said.

"I'll have plenty of time now," he said. "Another year. That means you and Anil and I will finish school together. Then we'll celebrate!"

He got to his feet with his tray hanging from his shoulders.

"What would you like to buy?" he said.

I took another comb from his tray and put it in my pocket. I needed soap and buttons but I took a comb, which I didn't need. There was more fun in doing that.



## A MATTER OF VALUES

ou have read about King Philip of Macedon and also about his more famous son, Alexander the Great. Alexander ascended the throne when he was quite young, in 336 B.C., and soon went out to conquer countries and continents. He conquered Persia and Egypt and invaded India.

But, as a student of the great philosopher, Aristotle, Alexander's entire mind was not with wars and conquests. He yearned for the company of scholars and savants. Close to the city of Athens lived a famous philosopher, Diogenes. He lived in a tub! He derided the proud and the powerful and was known for his cynicism. But his wit and wisdom charmed many.

One day, Alexander met the philosopher and put a few questions to him. Diogenes answered them. Deeply impressed, Alexander decided to reward the savant with wealth or a mansion or whatever he desired. He took pity on the great thinker who did not even have a roof on his head.

"Tell me, Diogenes, what can I do for you?" asked the mighty king. The philosopher did not reply. Probably he was wondering how much wealth he could ask for – thought the king, and waited to hear the demand. But the savant kept quiet. When the king repeated his question, the philosopher said quietly, "You are blocking the passage of sunlight. Will you move away a little so that I can have it?"

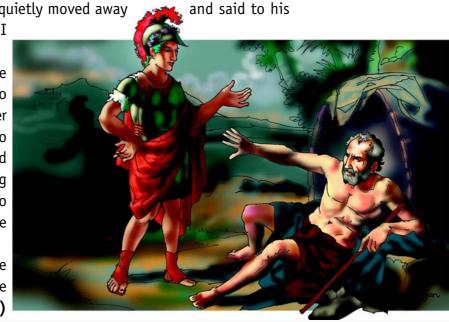
People standing behind the king were almost sure that their master would punish the

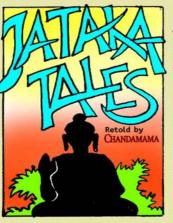
savant for his impertinence. But the king quietly moved away companions, "Had I not been Alexander, I would have loved to be Diogenes!"

A poor admirer of Diogenes used to share his food with the philosopher. Needless to say, it was a poor man's food. One day, another famous philosopher named Aristippus, who was patronized by the King of Athens and who lived in comfort, saw Diogenes gulping gruel. "My friend, only if you knew how to please the king, you would not have to live

"My friend, only if you knew how to live on the gruel, you would not have to please the king!" quipped Diogenes. (M.D.)

on gruel!" said Aristippus.





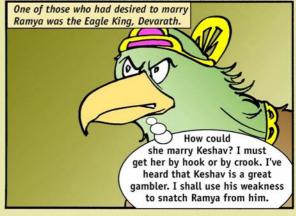
Once there lived a king called Keshav in the kingdom of Jaunpur. He had a wise minister named Shambu.

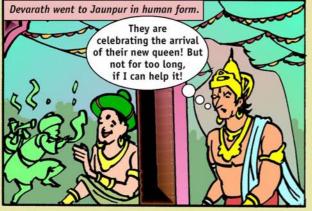


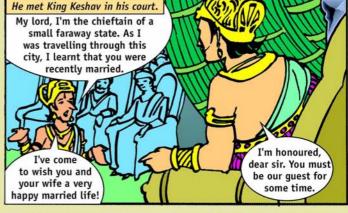
Keshav was in love with the beautiful Princess Ramya of the neighbouring Shirishpur. Many princes vied for her fair hand, but she too had set her heart on King Keshav.

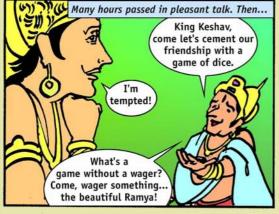






















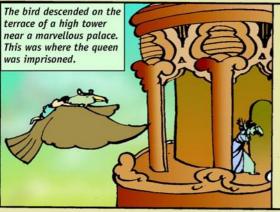






The eagle flew far away, across the seven seas to an island kingdom. It was in the shape of an eagle. This was King Devarath's land.







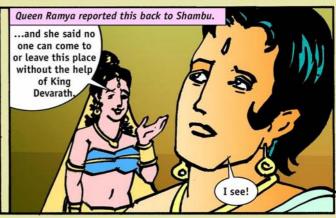
The eagle did not hear it. He went away to his room to freshen up. But Queen Ramya had heard the noise.

























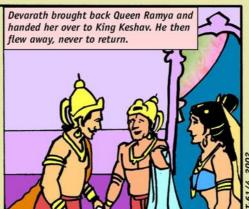














- By Rosscote Krishna Pillai



#### **APRIL BORN: MARCONI**

Guglielmo Marconi, who was the first to invent a practical wireless system of communication and lay the foundations for what we know today as radio, was born on April 25, 1874 at Bologna in Italy. He was the second son of a wealthy Italian landowner, Gieuseppe Marconi, and an Irish lady, Annie Jameson. He was educated at home by his mother and private tutors and had no formal education except in a technical institute for a short period.

As a young boy, he became interested in physics and electricity and had a flair for laboratory work. In Bologna, his neighbour, the distinguished physicist, Prof. Righi, told him all about Heinrich Hertz, who had discovered and first

generated in 1888 the electromagnetic waves, now known as radio waves. In 1894, Marconi chanced to read an article which suggested that the "Hertzian waves" could be used for communicating without wires; till then messages could be sent only over telegraph wires. His brilliant mind at once caught the idea and he began experimenting with a transmitting and receiving equipment made by himself at his father's villa. Within a year he succeeded in sending wireless signals over a distance of about 3 km (including over a hill). The Italian government showed no interest in his wireless system, but in London where he took the equipment and demonstrated it, the British government awarded him the world's first patent in wireless telecommunication. He then formed the Marconi Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company and opened the world's first wireless (radio) factory at Chelmsford in England in 1898.

His further achievements in the field came in quick succession: transmitted wireless telegraphic signals (Morse Code) using more and more powerful equipment across water over longer and longer distances; in 1899 across the English Channel between England and France over 50 km; in 1901, across the Atlantic from Cornwall in the U.K. to Newfoundland in Canada over a distance of 3,360 km, thereby also proving that wireless waves were not affected by the curvature of the Earth. At the age of 27, he had already become a world celebrity.

It may be noted here that well before Marconi, the famous Indian scientist, Jagadish Chandra Bose, had demonstrated how electromagnetic (radio) waves could be used for wireless communication; unfortunately, he never cared to patent his invention (*Chandamama*, Nov. 2005).

Marconi opened the first beam station in 1926, linking England and Canada, and the world's first microwave radiotelephone link in the Vatican in 1932. He gave a practical demonstration of the principles of radar in 1935 in Italy. He won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1909.

Marconi died in Rome on July 20, 1937.

#### THE CAT'S ORIGIN IN ASIA

he cat is out of the bag" and "Who will bell the cat?" have for long become cliches in English. Now, scientists in the U.S.A., so to say, have really let the origin of cats "out of the bag"! A team led by Dr.Warren Johnson of the National Cancer Institute, Frederick, Maryland, have found that the ancestors of the modern cat species were born about 11 million years ago in South East Asia. Using the Cat Genome Project they minutely sampled and analysed the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) from living domestic cats and from all the 36 wild cat species alive today and could trace the ancestry back to Asia. The offsprings of the ancient ancestor-cats spread across the



globe from Asia over several ages or aeons, first migrating to Europe and Africa and then to North and South America.

The original family of cats branched off through evolutionary development into a variety of sub-families and their species. The first to emerge was the *Panthera* family. This included the big cats, the lion, tiger, leopard, snow leopard and the jaguar. This lineage was soon followed by a group of three Asian species (the bay cat, Asian golden cat and marbled cat), three African species (caracal, African golden cat and serval) and the path that led to the New World ocelot. Later evolved the lineage of the *lynx*, the *puma* and the *Bengal* cat. The domestic cat came some ten to twelve thousand years ago, descending from the wild cats of Africa, Europe and China.

## FOR BEING ALIVE!

A child named Tyffany Williams in South Africa sent a letter in 1946 to Einstein; in that she said that she was surprised to know that he was still alive. Einstein replied:"I have to apologise to you that I am still among the living. There will be a remedy for all this, however."

#### Corrigendum

In the February issue, it was stated that Dr.Bhatnagar had set up 40 national laboratories and central institutes. It should be read as "12 of the 40". He was a recipient of the Padma Bhushan. The Padma Awards are not "titles" as was referred to in the article.

#### **SCIENCE QUIZ**

- 1. What was the unit of measurement called *fermi* used to measure?
  - a. length; b. mass; c. radioactivity;
  - d. time.
- 2. Who discovered iodine?
  - a. Brandt; b. Scheele; c. Bernard Lourtois;
  - d. Cavendish.
- 3. Which of the following cholesterols is associated with a greater risk of the disease called atherosclerosis?
  - a. low-density lipoprotein (LDL); b. high-density lipoprotein (HDL); c. both (a) & (b); d. none of these.
- 4. What is the average speed of a tsunami in the deep ocean in kilometres per hour?
  - a. 150-200; b. 450-500;
  - c. 800-950; d. 1500-200.

Answer: 1. a. length; the unit was once used to measure the radius of atomic nucleus, 2. c.Bernard Lourtois, 3. a. low-density lipoprotein (LDL), 4. c. 800-950



## LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

Outside of the killings, Washington has one of the lowest crime rates in the country.

- Marion Barry, Mayor, Washington, DC.

Traffic policeman: When I saw you driving down the big street, lady, I said to myself, 'Sixty at least.'

Lady driver: Oh no, officer - it's just this dress that makes me look older.



The family had enjoyed their holiday on the farm and wrote again the following year to book a fortnight.

In his letter, Mr. Mohan wrote to the farm owner, "The only thing we didn't enjoy was the noise the pigs made."

The owner wrote back, "Don't worry, sir, we haven't had any pigs here since you left."



The Science class had been asked to write a five page essay on nutrition. When Arun handed in his essay, the teacher said, "But I asked for five pages - and you've done only one page."

"I know," said Arun. "I was writing about condensed milk."

Monika: Mommy, I got a hundred in school today.

Mommy: That's splendid, dear. What did you get a hundred for?

Monika: Two things. Fifty marks in English and fifty in Mathematics.









## Humour His Armour



Tasruddin never lost his sense of humour. "Humour s my armour. I owe my all to my sense of humour. It shall stay with me till the very end. So Allah help me!" he often told his friends.

One day, he told his wife, "Look at yourself in the mirror. Your face is as uneven as a sack of potatoes. Your eyes have sunk into wells of their own. Not your fault, my dear. Time builds and then destroys. When we were young, you were beautiful; and I was handsome. Now you are old; and I too, so we remain, even today, well-matched," Mulla Nasruddin paused when a cough racked him.

His wife rushed to his side, held him gently, and rubbed his chest till the cough subsided.

"You should consult the hakim. Your cough is getting worse day by day," she waited for his reply.

"You said it," Nasruddin replied, without much enthusiasm.

"Here is your cap. Put it on your head," she commanded.

"You want me to give a free ride to the cap?" he joked, while wearing it.

"I also want you to wrap the shawl around your chest so that you are protected against the cold," she went and fetched a shawl.

Nasruddin wrapped it around, while adding, "With so much load to carry, I am no better than a donkey. Maybe, I can't carry all this load along unless I've a third leg."

"Third leg?" his wife did not get the cue.

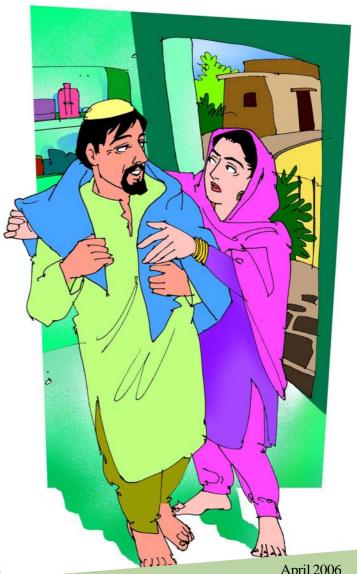
"Go. Get my walking stick. It's my third leg," he waited till she brought it. He took hold of it and moved out.

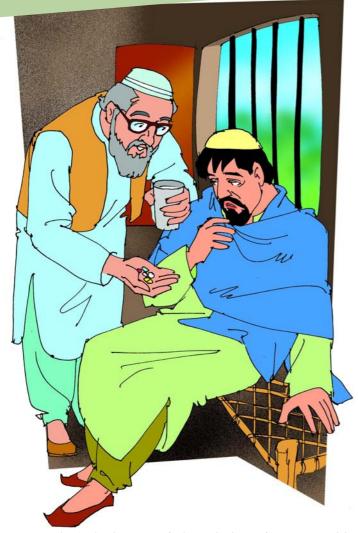
He moved some distance and reached the crossroads. He was about to take a turn when he heard someone calling out to him. He turned and saw a portly gentleman, pulling the reins and forcing the donkey he rode to a stop.

"I'm on my way to meet the Caliph," said the man, loudly. "Can you guide me to the royal palace, Mulla," the man hailed Nasruddin.

"I think you're a very learned man," Mulla Nasruddin peered at the man.

"T'm the most learned man in the whole of West Asia," the man held his head up, proudly. "That's what brings me here. I want to meet the Caliph and impress him with my wisdom. I'm sure the Caliph will give me a handsome reward," the man held his head up, proudly.





"I don't doubt your wisdom. Only a wise man could have recognized that I am a Mulla," Nasruddin pouted his lips.

"You said it, my friend. Perhaps you don't know that I'm a mind reader?" the man remarked, with a certain amount of cockiness.

"I didn't know that. I now know. So, I can be on the move," Mulla Nasruddin got ready to move off.

"One minute, Mulla," the man almost screamed.

"Yes," Mulla Nasruddin raised his eyebrows, wondering what more the man wanted of him.

"But, Mulla, you still haven't told me which fork to take to reach the royal palace?"

"O Noble Sire, why should I tell you? You're a mind reader. The route to the royal palace is in my mind. Can't you read my mind and find out for yourself?" Nasruddin hurried of, chuckling to himself merrily, leaving the man stumped.

Soon he reached the hakim's place. He knocked at the door.

"Wait a minute, my friend," the hakim walked across to open the door.

"Salaam alai kum," Mulla Nasruddin bowed.

"Alai kum salaam," the hakim returned the greeting, stood to one side, inviting Mulla Nasruddin to enter. He led him to a stringed cot.

"Be seated," he invited Nasruddin. He then noticed that Nasruddin had lost weight.

"Aren't you well?" the hakim asked.

"I've a cough. It refuses to go. Maybe it likes my company. Not its fault. Everyone likes my company. Even my wife likes my company. Who says familiarity breeds contempt? Familiarity breeds, I agree." Nasruddin rocked with laughter.

"Mulla, you always have a sense of humour. But you must get rid of the cough. It'll make you weak. I've the right medicine for the cough," the hakim said.

"For the cough?" Nasruddin rolled his eyes.

He noticed the perplexed look in the hakim's eyes and added, "Say that you have the right medicine *to fight* the cough."

"You and your silly jokes!" the hakim laughed.

"I like you when you laugh, not when you prescribe bitter pills," Mulla Nasruddin grinned.

"Bitter pills?" the hakim scratched his chin.

"I love laughter. Not bitter pills. I'm told you always give bitter pills. So how about giving me sweet pills? I shall then tell the whole world that people have wrong ideas about you?" Nasruddin grinned.

"This is no laughing matter."

"Do you want me to take the medicine or not?" Nasruddin countered.

"Of course, I do."

"Then give me sugar-coated pills."

"And let the cough remain?" the hakim was shocked.

"So you would give me only bitter pills?"

"And thus live up to my reputation," the hakim joked.

"You keep your reputation while I feel bitter all over," Nasruddin feigned anger.

The hakim ignored his request. He made him swallow

a dose of bitter pills, right away. Nasruddin had great difficulty swallowing them.

"One dose is enough, I hope," Mulla Nasruddin waited for the hakim's reply.

"No. You've to take this medicine three times a day, for two weeks."

"Two weeks? Fourteen days? In other words, I must take these bitter pills forty-one times more?"

"Your calculation is right," the hakim smiled.

"Spell out your fee," Nasruddin stood up, reached out for the walking stick and straightened himself up.

"I won't take a fee. Never! Maybe, I shall give you a little tip," the hakim went inside, returned a minute later, carrying a small bag. "Take this. It holds fresh meat. Meat of a lamb. A dish made of fresh meat of a lamb, once a week, is the best cure for a persistent cough," the hakim said.

"That, my friend, is no bitter pill," Mulla Nasruddin accepted the gift, placed the packet that held the pills also in the bag, hugged the hakim warmly before walking off.

He decided he would *not* take the bitter pills. He repeated the words of the hakim: *A dish made of fresh meat of lamb, once a week, is the best cure for a persistent caugh.* 'If that be true,' he mumbled to himself, 'why should I take the bitter pills thrice a day for a fortnight? I would rather take lamb's meat twice a week!'

He felt immensely happy when that thought struck. He swung the stick, tapped the ground from time to time, to provide the beats for the musical tune he hummed. The whole world seemed to him to be heaven itself.

Then he heard the rush of wind. He was a little late. Akite swooped in, perhaps having smelt the lamb's meat in the bag, ran in a bolt of lightning, snatched the bag that contained the meat and rose to the sky before Mulla Nasruddin could even wave his stick.

For a second he was stunned. He watched the kite fly away toward the high branch of a tree.

'No way I can get it back,' he mumbled, his face clouded by sadness.

But he did not lose himself in grief. He saw the humour in the situation and started laughing. 'Of what use is the meat to you, kite, when you don't have the recipe? Only my wife knows how to turn the meat into delicious dishes. Oh! She can make a hundred different dishes with lamb's meat. You, kite, you will have to eat the raw meat. I pity you.'

He laughed more when another thought struck him. 'Ah! My dear kite! I now know why you snatched the bag. I suspect you are suffering from a persistent cough. Eat the meat. But don't forget to take the pills, thrice a day for a fortnight. That will do you good, even if they' re bitter. And so not easy to take.'

He walked back home, laughing merrily, till he found himself face to face with his wife.

"Got the medicine?" she asked.

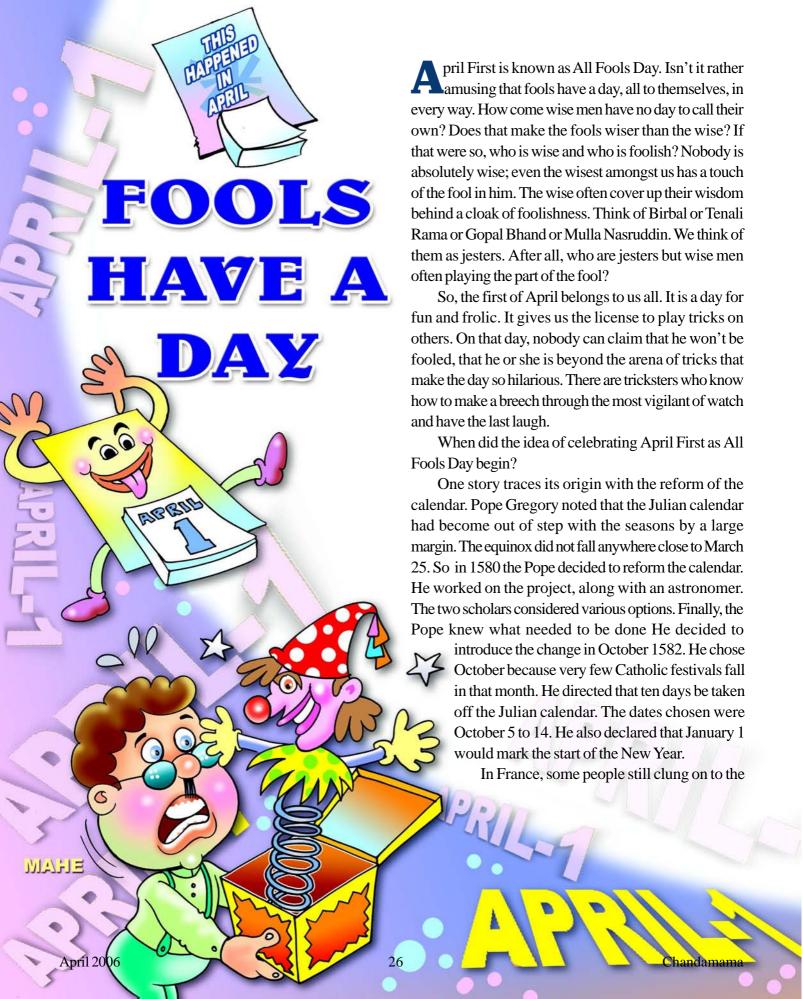
"Got it? The kite got it."

"The kite?"

"Yes. The kite's cough is much worse than mine. So I handed over the bitter pills and the lamb's meat the hakim gave me to the kite," he started laughing again.

"You fool," she cried, but her cries were lost in his laughter.





old calendar. They decided to celebrate the New Year from March 25 to April 1. The vast majority sneered at them. "They are fools who refuse to accept January 1 as the start of the New Year." But the 'no-changers' did not budge. Instead, they celebrated April 1 with greater enthusiasm and merriment. Humour became the central theme of the festivity. Witty snaps and gentle asides went along with subtle tricks. The wise felt left out. They sensed that being a little foolish was not a bad thing, after all. They declared April First as All Fools Day. They joined the revelries. Soon the idea picked up. It found new supporters in other parts of the world. Today nobody asks why there is a day for fools. Nobody minds being a fool one day in a year. They probably have only one wish: "Let me be not foolish on other days of the year. So God help me!"

That attitude is what makes April First a day for such carefree abandon. On that day, nothing commands respect. Newspapers carry spurious tales. In 1962, there was only one TV channel operating in Sweden. It provided just black-and-white transmission. The station's technical expert, Kjell Stensson, appeared on the screen on April 1. He spoke about a recent development of a new technology that made it easy for viewers to convert their black-and-white sets to display colour images. Then came details of the technology. The expert told the viewers to pull nylon stockings over their TV screens. They would now show colour pictures. Thousands of people reached out for their socks. The socks went over the screens. But they continued to project just black-and-white pictures. Then the truth struck them. The TV channel had fooled them.

In 1977, a leading UK newspaper, *The Guardian*, brought out a special supplement. It focused on the attractions of San Seriffe, an obscure semi-colon-shaped country in the Indian Ocean. The report stated that the nation comprised two islands, Upper Caisee and Lower Caisse. Its capital was Bodoni. The nation did not have a democratic regime. The man who

Chandamama

exercised absolute control over the land was General Pica. The report spoke of the scenic beauty of the land, of the special tourist spots that still remained mostly unexplored. Many readers took it as true. They did not know that it was a grand hoax, that the name of the island state and also the shape of the land and other details were drawn from the vocabulary used by printers. Thousands of people thought it would be good idea to take a holiday in the island state. They rang up the newspaper for more details. Only then did they learn that it was a grand hoax, prepared specially for the edition of April 1.

There are hundreds of amusing stories around the tricks played on the day. I remember one incident very well. It was the 1st of April. I was on my way to school, in the company of three or four friends A classmate ran toward us, from the direction of the school, flailing his arms, shouting happily: "School is closed today!" He added that some VIP had died. That was the best news we could have heard. We started walking back homeward, only to hear the loud cackles: "You are all April Fools! A bunch of dimwits."

Once the PA to the GM of the company where my father worked rang up to say that the Board had approved of a special bonus. Everyone felt right on top of the world. Their joy was, however, short-lived. For the PA walked in, with a malicious grin, calling them "April Fools!"

-R.K.Murthi





#### KEY TO SUCCESS

angaram and Siyaram were friends from childhood. They resided in the same village. Since there were scant opportunities in their village for livelihood, both set out towards the nearby town. On the way, they saw a hermit's ashram. They went in and paid their obeisance to the hermit. They revealed the purpose of their going to the town and prayed to him to bless them.

The hermit told Gangaram, "You're a Brahmin. So I would teach you the holy Upanishads, astrology and other scriptures. With the knowledge thus acquired, you can seek suitable employment in the king's court."

He then turned to Siyaram. "You're a merchant by birth. So, I would teach you the various nuances of business with which you'll be able to run your own business successfully."

Both were overwhelmed by the noble gesture of the hermit and prostrated before him. They stayed in the ashram for three years and learnt many valuable things in their respective fields. Then they took leave of the hermit and headed towards the capital.

Soon Gangaram got the post of court

astrologer, while Siyaram started his own business. They led a comfortable life in the capital. With the passage of years, they got married and begot children, too. Gradually their children grew up.

To the disappointment of Gangaram, his son Prasad did not have any inclination to learn from his father. His dreams of his son emulating him as a scholar were in vain. One day, when he was teaching the Upanishads to some of his students, he could not make them understand the concept.

Prasad, who happened to come there, took over from his father and explained to the students the same concept in a very simple and striking manner. Gangaram was at once proud of his son's ability to grasp things even with his limited learning and impart the knowledge effectively to others.

At the same time, he felt sad that such an intelligent boy was merely wasting his talent. He told him, "My son, you're many times more intelligent than I. But what is the use of your intelligence if you are not able to utilize it?"

Prasad merely shrugged his shoulders and

said, "Father, you're holding a prestigious post in the king's court and you've amassed a fortune which I'm going to inherit anyway. Then why should I take pains to learn the scriptures from you?"

On hearing these words, Gangaram was very much upset over his son's attitude. While he was worrying over his son, his friend Siyaram came to meet him. He also had a similar complaint about his son Lokesh, who was the least interested in paying attention to his father's business. Actually, he had come to meet Gangaram to share his grievances. The old friends discussed at length about the attitudes of their sons and how to correct them. Then Siyaram took leave of his friend.

One day, Siyaram and his wife came to Gangaram's house with their son. He told Gangaram, "I've decided to go abroad in connection with my business. I'm taking my wife

also with me. But I would like to leave Lokesh with you under your care until I return." Gangaram readily agreed. Siyaram and his wife leave took Gangaram, leaving their son. Lokesh spent his time happily Gangaram's at house in the company of Prasad. Two months passed.

One day, they received the shocking news of the sudden demise of Lokesh's parents. During their

voyage, the ship in which they were travelling sunk in the sea and both of them were drowned.

Their entire belongings were also lost.

Lokesh became crestfallen. He flung himself on the ground and wept bitterly. Prasad and Gangaram were at a loss to find words to console him.

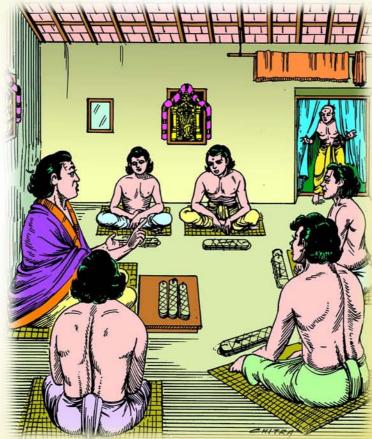
After the initial shock was over Lokesh, for the first time in his life, panicked about his future. From the status of the son of a rich merchant, he had been reduced to the status of an orphan and pauper at the same time. His only consolation was the faith he had in his friend and his father who, he was sure, would certainly take care of his future.

And his hopes were shattered one day, when Gangaram told him to leave the house. "Lokesh! Listen to me! We know your loss is irreparable! But how long can we support you? You're an able-bodied young man. You should be able to

take care of yourself hereafter. So, I request you to leave my house and fend for yourself."

Even Prasad was taken aback at his father's heartless words. "What're you saying, father? If we don't support him, who else will take care of him?"

"Why? He has a number of affluent relatives who were sharing and enjoying the fortunes when his father was alive. He can approach them. Besides me, his father



had other friends also. He can try to take shelter with them also!"

Lokesh got so much hurt at Gangaram's cruel remarks that he left his house immediately. Prasad did not want to let down his friend and joined him.

They went to all the relatives of Lokesh in turn and pleaded for help. Lokesh was in for a greater shock when he found that none of his relatives came forward to help him. Even the other friends of his father distanced themselves from Lokesh. Simply broken-hearted, he returned to Gangaram and fell at his feet.

He sobbed bitterly and said, "Uncle, I find that nobody is coming forward to help me! The same people who had regard for me very much earlier have turned a blind eye to me. I'm totally baffled how people could change like this!"

Gangaram consoled him and said: "My son, have you understood the reality now? The status you were enjoying in society so far was due to the fact that your father was a rich businessman. You were actually resting on your father's laurels. When he is no more, people have distanced themselves from you. Try to realize that respect or regard is to be earned by you by your own efforts and it is just not given by society. What

have you achieved in your life by your own hard work to earn respect from others? Even now, it's not too late! You can take up your father's business from where he had left it. Put in your sincere efforts and try to achieve some name and fame.!"

He then turned to his son. "Prasad! Whatever I advised Lokesh is apt for you, too. You'll remain in a secured position as long as I'm in the service of the king, which you would lose when I am no more. If you want to remain secure in future and attain a similar status like mine, then try to stand on your own legs. That's the key to success and recognition in society. I shall advise both of you to go to the same hermit who had educated us. Try to acquire knowledge in your respective fields of interest and then work hard to achieve prosperity."

The two friends learnt a lesson from Gangaram's words and got ready to go to the hermit. It was then that Gangaram broke the good news to Lokesh that the report of the death of his parents was false and that they were very much alive. It was a pre-arranged plan to force both Lokesh and Prasad to mend their ways. Lokesh's joy knew no bounds on hearing the unexpected good news.



## SUGANDHI SMELLS THE SPIRITS OF NATURE

Sugandhi was a peculiar young girl. Ever since she was an infant she would always want to know how something smelt. Whether it was a flower, something on her dinner plate or even her own clothes; she would accept something into her life only if she liked the smell of it! Needless to say, as she grew into a young girl, she was very concerned about the way she smelt herself!

In her little village in rural Tamil Nadu there were many smells that she came across. The smell of the earth when it first rained, the smell of cow dung, the smell of the fur on her beloved cat, Billu, and of course the smell of her mother cooking her favourite rasam! Sugandhi loved the smells of nature. Once in a while, when her father took her into the city of Chennai, she would almost suffocate on the smell of the traffic. She could not believe that the people living in big cities could bear the acrid smells of pollution and she longed to return home and wake up to the beautiful smell of flowers in her garden.

One day, she had a surprise. Uncle Pankaj had just come back from a long voyage to the Andaman Islands. She had heard many mysterious things about these islands, but this time she was about to learn even more!

"Sugandhi, did you know that I have just visited a place where the people are as concerned about smells as you are?" said Uncle Pankaj, when they sat down together after a delicious meal.

"Really?" said Sugandhi. "So I

Chandamama

am not so unusual, after all? Do they all have big noses?" she asked!

Uncle Pankaj laughed and said, "No, but the tribals of the Andaman Islands, the Onges and the Jarawas, live in the forest, where there are many wild animals. Since most animals have a very strong sense of smell and can track down humans very easily, the tribals have to be very





In ancient Egypt, when merchants left the country on business trips, they carried small stone models of themselves. If they died while abroad, these figures were sent back to Egypt for proxy burial.

#### DID YOU KNOW?

The population of the entire world in 5000 B.C., according to the National Population Council, was just 5 million.

careful about the smells they leave behind them, unless they want to get caught!" "To be able to disguise the smell of their own bodies, the tribals have come up with some unique solutions. They apply white clay paint which cools their bodies or red clay paint which heats their bodies. This keeps their body odour in check. They also carry bones of dead relatives and hunted animals with

them and this confuses the animals.

"What is most unusual is that the Andamanese believe that the winds which carry smell are actually the forms of spirits that move around in the forests. They feel that a part of the human being is carried away in the form of his smell and that in this way humans and spirits actually interact."

Hearing all this, Sugandhi became quiet and reflective. With eyes wide full of wonder she said, "You know, Uncle, sometimes I feel that the jasmine tree is trying to tell me something through the smell of her flowers and I can always smell it, when Billu has been upto some mischief. Everybody is always so fascinated by what they see with their eyes, but for me the world of smells is so much more exciting!"

"Well," said Uncle Pankaj, "if you lived amongst the Andamanese, they would say that you had found a way of communicating with the spirits in Nature!

"The next time you go to a forest, remember to be aware of what you leave behind. When you feel the plants brush against you, when you feel the winds blowing on your face, remember that they are retaining a part of you. Remember that an Onge in the Andamans will not even leave behind his own smell in the forest and this is how he can become a spirit!"

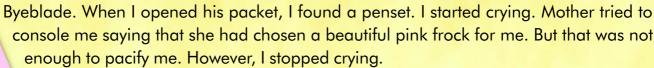
- Manisha Sheth Gutman

# KALEIDOSCOPE

#### **IT WAS DIFFERENT**

It was my birthday. I held a party in the evening for my friends. We played games for sometime. It was then time for cutting the birthday cake. Everyone sang, "Happy Birthday to you!" and everybody got a piece of cake. Then Mother served us snacks. As my friends were leaving, I gave each of them a surprise gift. After they left, I began opening the gift packets given by my friends, including the ones from my father and mother.

Father had earlier asked me what I wanted for my birthday and I had said



"Go and get ready," said Mother. While I was busy putting on the pink frock, Mother was collecting my old toys, some of them broken or slightly damaged, in a bag. We both drove down to the nearby slum, where she called the children and made me distribute the toys. You should have seen how their faces lit up with joy. I helped them to learn how to work the toys. On our way home, Mother asked me: "Did you notice the smile on their face?" I felt very happy when I realised how more meaningful one could make one's birthday.

We children get whatever we want, and so we don't realise the value of each paise. I decided then and there that I would never pester my parents for expensive gifts. We must be satisfied with whatever we have.

- Pratikshya Mishra (12) Sambalpur





#### **BOOKS**

MEDOSCOP



Books are big stores of Knowledge and wisdom, They help us win a smile, And also a big kingdom.

MEDOSCOP

Books are our wealth, And books are our health, They also tell us about our Earth, About its garbage and filth.

MALEIDOSCO

Books are our future, And books are our past, Books are the real wealth for me, They make us go slow and fast.

The precious things in life
Are all the books I have at home,
I have read most of them,
And gained much wisdom.

-Zenitha Das (11), Cuttack

FOOSCOPE

#### **BEING AN ADULT**

'So nice being a child' I wonder about childhood. To adults will fairies come, Will Cinderella, Red Riding Hood?

Talking with pixies and goblins, At times, going to their land; When you are an adult, All these are deserts of sand!

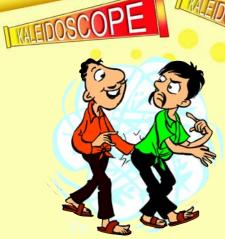
The only thing that won't turn old Is your mind, if you try.
'I wish I were back to be a child,' I hear my mother sigh.

Don't worry mother, I'll take you there;
To the land of wonders, to our fathers' kingdom.
So be cheerful again and don't be sad.

I will create the same in our own sweet home.



-Anwesha (10), Mumbai



Pickpocket: Hey! Are you trying to pick my pocket? 2nd Pickpocket: No, I'm just pocketing your pickings.

-Sourav Das (14), Balasore

Son: Dad, I want to do something big and clean.

Father: You can go and wash an elephant.

\* \* \*





Ram: My teacher is very religious.

Mohan : How do you

know, Ram?

Ram: Everytime I answer his questions, he says "O my god!"

-Karan G.U. (15), Gadag

Rajan: Do you know anything about this haunted house?

Passerby: I'm sorry, I don't; I had died a hundred years ago.

-R.Raghavendra Rao (14), Davangere





Akash : Yesterday, I was unconscious for 8

hours!

Amit: Where were you at that time?

Akash: In my bed, sleeping!

#### - Naveen Bhat Y. (14), Bantwal



Shyam: I need curtains for my computer.

Salesman: But, the computer doesn't need curtains!

Shyam : But I got windows installed in

my system.

#### -B. Vijayalakshmi (11), Avadi

Customer : Show me a good hanger.

Salesman: Sir, this will cost five rupees.

Customer: It's too much; show me something cheap.

Salesman: This nail will cost only fifty paise.

-I.Sudheer Kumar (13), Jaggayyapet

#### CAPITAL ROSSWORD

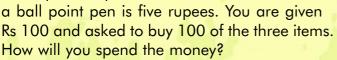
Can you
identify the
capitals of 12
States of India in
this crossword?

Р	A	т	N	A	D	G	L	ı	В
A	ı	z	A	w	L	N	F	J	A
N	С	н	E	N	N	A	1	В	N
A	С	K	0	L	K	A	т	A	G
J	R	w	S	н	E	M	V	K	A
ī	М	Р	н	A	L	X	0	U	L
S	J	A	ı	Р	U	R	т	Y	0
A	Q	z	M	R	U	P	ı	A	R
P	D	Z	L	A	P	0	н	В	E
D	A	В	A	R	E	D	Y	н	F

-P.Murugesh (14), Alike.

#### MATHEMATICS PUZZLES

1. The cost of 20 sheets of writing paper is one rupee; one pencil costs one rupee; the price of



- 2. What is the biggest number you can make with four 1s?
- 3. My son Ron is 32 years younger than I. He is 2 years older than his sister. Our ages total 126. How old are we?

   P. Murugesh (14), Alike

#### **RIDDLES**

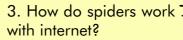
1. What has no wings, but can fly?

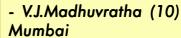




2. Where does water get money from?

- S.Vismitha (11) Bangalore





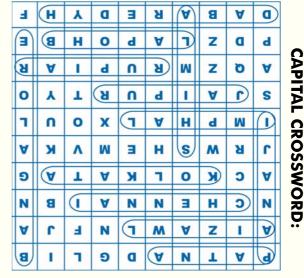


4. What natural disaster would take place, if worms ruled the earth?

- S.Akaash (11) Thrissur

their web-site, 4. Global worming **MATHS PUZZLES:** 1. Buy 80 sheets of paper for Rs 4, one pencil for Re 1, and spend Rs 95 on 19 pens, 2. 11<sup>11</sup> 3. Father-64, Ron-32, sister-30.

**BIDDLES:** J. Time, 2. River Bank, 3. Through



**ANSWERS:** 



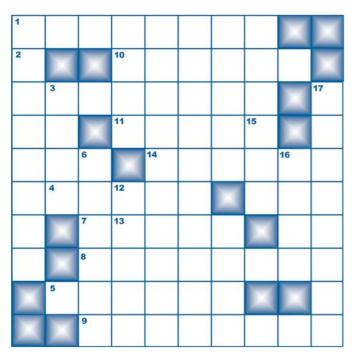






# PUZZLE DAZZLE

#### **KNOW YOUR BODY CROSSWORD**



#### **Across:**

- 1. A gland, which secretes the hormone insulin (8).
- 3. The terminal members of the hand, which help to hold things (7).
- 4. A large, reddish-brown, glandular organ located in the upper right side of the abdominal cavity, secreting bile (5).
- 5. A movable organ in the floor of the mouth, helping us to eat, taste and speak (5).
- One or more bundles of fibres forming part of a system which convey impulses of sensation, motion, etc, between the brain or spinal cord and other parts of the body (5 letter organ in reverse without 2 letters).
- 7. A hollow, muscular organ, which by rhythmic contractions and relaxations keeps the blood in circulation (5).

Here is a crossword on the human body. The clues below will help you solve it.



- 8. A bean-shaped, glandular organ, which excrete urine (6).
- 9. The first part of the small intestine, from the stomach to the jejunum (8).
- 10. A tissue composed of cells or fibres, the contraction of which produces movement in the body (6).
- 11. Saclike respiratory organ in the thorax (4).
- 13. The organ of hearing (3).
- 14. The terminal digits of the foot (3).

#### Down:

- 2. A bone or series of bones extending along the middle line of the ventral portion of the body (6).
- 4. One of the two lower limbs of a biped that support and move the body (3).
- 12. Tube like organs that carry blood from various parts of the body to the heart (4).
- 15. The organ of sight (3).
- 16. The organ of smell; also functions as the usual passageway for air in respiration (4).
- 17. Saclike organ which stores, dilutes and digests food (7).

- by R Vaasugi



ome January 1, 2007 and the names of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World will be officially proclaimed. As many as 21 monuments and memorials have been short-listed and our own Taj Mahal is one of them. Prominent among the others are the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Statue of Liberty (USA), Stonehenge (Britain), the Great Wall (China), the Colosseum (Rome), the Kremlin (Moscow), the Sydney Opera House (Australia) and Machu Pichu (Peru). The New 7 Wonders Society, based in Switzerland, launched a poll in year 2000, with a view to alerting the world on the destruction of man-made heritage. The poll ended with a list of 77 and then an exercise to prepare a short list began. It will be worth vaiting to know which are the final seven.

#### **NO TOWER OF BABEL THIS**

The proverbial Tower of Babel in Babylonia is often cited as an example of how God will punish human beings for their pride and arrogance. They went ahead erecting a tall tower that was intended to reach the heavens. But God made each of them speak a different language, and as a result the tower could not be completed.

When the members of the Indian Parliament spoke in their respective mother-tongue on a day in February, it was their way of observing the International Mother Lanugage Day.

Not that there is any ban on members speaking in any one of the laguages recognised by the Constitution, because the Parliament has arrangements for simultaneous translation.



But, on any average day, members would speak either in Hindi or English and seldom in any other language. But February 21 was different. And for the Parliament, it was a 'First' in its 55-year-old history. Speaking in his mother-tongue Bengali, the Speaker Mr. Somnath Chatterjee said languages should bridge people, and not divide them, by showing respect to other languages.

# folktale

#### FROM HIMACHAL PRADESH

# TWO BROTHERS

f we are told that there was a king called Gyan Chand, we would take him to be full of knowledge (gyan) and wise. But the King of Chhatrapur was far from such qualities. In fact, he would not want his people to raise crops or dig wells or lay roads. So much so, there was not enough foodgrains for the people to eat, not enough water to drink, and they could not move about freely and were forced to climb mountains and walk over stones and mud to reach places. But this did not deter King Gyan Chand to impose taxes on houses, shops and farms. The people hated their king, but what could they do?

"I wonder where this would lead us all!" said one villager to a group who had gathered beneath a banyan tree one evening.

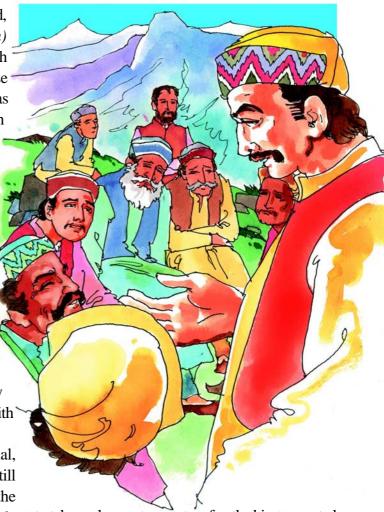
"There's no point in just grumbling." The crowd raised their head to see who it was who spoke. It was Kunjilal who was once a warrior who had fought for Gyan Chand's father, King Atulya Chand. They wondered whether the ex-soldier would come out with a solution to their problems. They held their breath.

"We should do something about it," said Kunjilal, picking up his words carefully. This former soldier still looked strong and sturdy, like a mountain lion. At the same time he was a man of gentle manners. The people admired him. They now looked expectantly into his face.

"To begin with, we refuse to pay taxes. When the tax-collector comes, see that he goes back empty-handed. Let's see what the king will do."

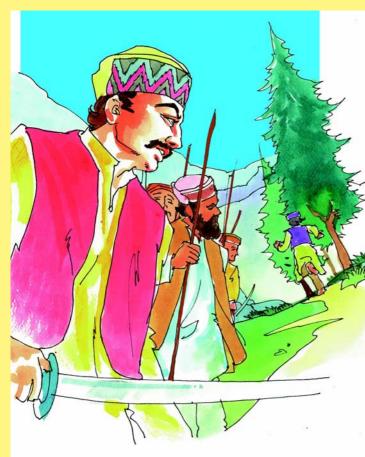
"Yes, yes," chorused the gathering, who now seemed to have acquired some strength instead of remaining meek as they were till now. "We shall beat him if he refused to go away."

Fortunately for them, there was no occasion for them



to take such an extreme step, for, the king came to know of their determination and did not send his tax-collector to that village. Instead, he decided to lead his soldiers to fight the villagers.

Kunjilal did not get perturbed when some villagers brought him the news that the soldiers had reached the outskirts of the village and they were waiting for the king to join them. 'Let me go and request my brother Kirtilal to help me,' he thought. 'Together we should be able to defeat the king,' he reassured himself.



But Kirtilal was a coward by nature. When he knew the purpose of his brother's visit, he told Kunjilal, "Sorry, brother, I haven't been keeping well and my doctor has advised me not to strain, but to take complete rest."

Kunjilal was neither surprised nor disappointed. He gathered all the young men in the village and went for a battle with the king's soldiers. Fortunately, the villagers outnumbered the soldiers and they fought bravely and defeated the king.

When the victorious village army returned, Kirtilal was in the forefront to welcome them. He hailed his brother. "Kunjilal, I had really wanted to go with you, but I had to heed my doctor's advice. However, you can give me a share of whatever booty you got. After all, I'm your loving brother."

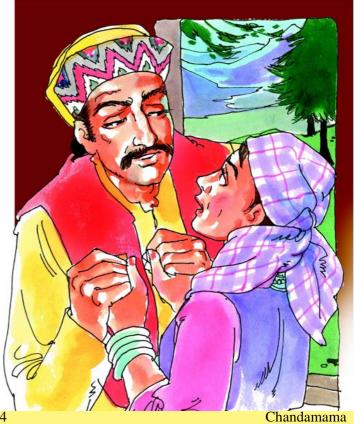
Kunjilal did not want to pick a quarrel with his brother, so he gave him a part of the booty and sent him back happy.

Kunjilal soon realised that King Gyan Chand would not allow him to enjoy his victory for long, and he would wait for an opportunity to punish him. He had no fear for himself, but he was afraid for the sake of his wife, Gangadevi who was expecting a baby. He told her, one day, "Ganga, my fear is that the king might harm you to punish me. So, let me take you away to a mountain cave where you'll be safe. I shall bring you back here when I'm sure there wouldn't be any trouble."

His loving wife, of course, did not wish to leave him alone. She suggested, "My lord, why don't you go and apologise to the king and seek his pardon? I'm sure he'll forgive you and forget everything."

"No, Ganga, that'll never happen," said Kunjilal.
"Our king is not that type. Look at the way he has been harassing the poor villagers. I shall fight him to the end, till he changes his ways."

Ganga thought there was no use arguing with her husband, as he seemed to have made up his mind. So, she packed enough food and grain to last a long time and went with her husband to the mountain-cave. Kunjilal made her comfortable in the cave. As he was leaving he told his wife, "Ganga, our son will also be a great warrior and fight our enemies when he grows up. Don't be afraid, I shall be back soon." With a heavy heart, he took leave of his wife.



A few days later, a messenger from the king met Kunjilal, seeking his help to put down a rebellion in another part of the kingdom. The message added, "If you succeed, you and your village can live in peace forever and you will be exempted from paying tax."

Though he did not have much faith in the king, Kunjilal decided to go for the sake of his village. Once again he approached his brother for help. Kirtilal said he would go with him. In case of victory, he could expect favours from the king. The brothers and the village army were about to reach the trouble spot when suddenly Kirtilal decided to return home, feigning illness and weakness. "I'm afraid I may not be of much use and I'll only be a burden."

Kunjilal excused him and went alone to quell the rebellion. The elders of that village had heard of Kunjilal and how he had earned the love of his own people. They greeted him at the border. Kunjilal assured them that if they ended their revolt, he would ensure that the king did not harass them anymore but ruled justly. The villagers felt that Kunjilal was a person who would keep his promise. So, they willingly agreed to withdraw their agitation against the king.

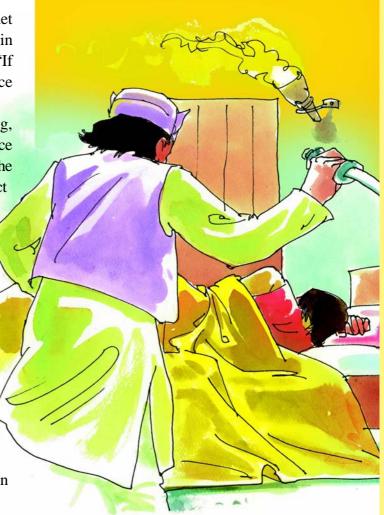
Kunjilal was happy that he could quell the revolt without using any force or bloodshed. He decided to ride to the palace and inform the king. On the way, he saw Kirtilal waiting for him. "Why didn't you go home?" Kunjilal queried.

"I was afraid, the villagers of the valley might harm you, so I waited here so that I could come to your help in case there was a need. "Kunjilal thanked him though he knew what the actual reason was. "Come with me to the palace; I'm going to collect my reward."

"Of course, I shall accompany you," said Kirtilal. "I should be with you when you carry the treasure the king might give you."

The brothers found the king rather cold in welcoming them. He merely said, "You both stay here for a few days and join the court; we don't have warriors in my court."

One day, the king sent a secret message to Kirtilal,



after coming to know that there was no love lost between the brothers. The king promised the hand of his daughter in marriage if Kirtilal met his wily demand.

The job was quite easy for Kirtilal because he and his brother were sleeping in the same room. After committing the heinous crime, he went to meet the king to remind him of his promise. The king's response shocked him. "Who'll give away his daughter to someone who didn't have an iota of love for his own brother? You deserve punishment for the crime you committed, though it was at my behest." The king ordered him to be put in prison.

Meanwhile, the villagers who had been eagerly waiting for another reception to Kanjilal, were shocked when the news of his death at the hands of his brother was conveyed to them. They thought that the king was just in punishing Kirtilal.

In the mountain-cave, Gangadevi waited for her



husband for days, weeks, months and years. She was surprised over the absence of any news of Kanjilal. The villagers did not know where he had taken his wife; they were also unaware that a son had been born to her.

Gangadevi brought up her son whom she named

Vajralal. For a long time, mother and son did not know that a *muni* was doing penance in a nearby cave. He had acquired mysterious powers. When he came upon a young boy playing in the vicinity of the caves, he was surprised. The boy took him to his mother, who told him about her husband.

It was then that the muni, by his powers, found out what happened to Kunjilal. He assured Gangadevi that he would himself impart all education to her son and prepare him for avenging his father's death.

Gangadevi by then had decided that she would not sacrifice her son in any misadventure. But the muni gave him a coat that would make Vajralal invisible. The young man took the blessings of his mother and guru and set out for the palace which he could enter without any difficulty.

The king could not make out from where the voice had come. It said, "Gyan Chand, the day of retribution has come. You were unjust to my father and got him killed by his own brother. You forgot that you had used his brother in committing a crime. Your crime is a hundred fold than what your mercenary did."

"Who are you? From where are you speaking?" King Gyan Chand said in a trembling voice.

"You don't have to know that," the voice said. The next moment, the king lay dead.

Vajralal then went back to his mother. The muni said the time had come for them to go back to the village. The muni went with them and addressed the villagers, who hailed the young Vajralal as their new leader.

#### **AFTER THE STORM**

A whole family was caught in a small boat during a sudden storm off the shores.

"I always knew God would take care of us," said the boat owner's five year old daughter who appeared quite composed after the family got home.

"I like to hear you say that," beamed the mother. "Always remember that God is in His heaven watching over us."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about THAT God," the little one interrupted. "I was talking about the COAST Guard."



## ADVENTURE OF THE DESADED DRACON OF THE SEA

ne day, more than 400 years ago, a gallant sailor after a long voyage struck land at a spot in America. Some natives led him up to a tall tree that stood on a hill. From the tree-top he saw, for the first time in his life, the Pacific Ocean. There and then he vowed to sail an English ship on those shimmering waters.

This voyager was none other than Francis Drake, a talented navigator, successful privateer commander of private vessels commissioned to seize and plunder enemy's ships-and one of the most renowned and daring seamen of all time. The date of his birth is uncertain, nor is anything definite known about his early years. But it is presumed that he was born around 1540 in Devonshire, England.

During his time, England and Spain were bitter rivals. The Spaniards were becoming richer by getting gold and silver from America where they had established their colonies, and they wanted to keep the trade for themselves. They took it for granted that the Pacific Ocean belonged to them and they drove all the others from its waters and claimed the whole of its treasure as their own. This indeed made the English very angry and they were determined

Francis Drake also had an old score to settle with the Spaniards. Several times he had been across America fighting valiantly all the way. But seldom did he return with the fortune he was in search of. Now the great Pacific, upon which he had set his eyes, beckoned him. So he chalked out a plan to reach it round the southern tip

to fight them.

of America, through the Strait of Magellan and challenge the Spaniards. Will he be able to outwit the enemy and "singe the King of Spain's beard" in his own waters?

Queen Elizabeth of England gave all possible patronage for this great daring venture. So, in December 1577 Drake sailed in command of the Pelican, a vessel of 100 tons, and four smaller ships with about 160 men. After they left the coast of Africa, they sailed for days together without seeing any land. They were in the hottest part of the world where water was scarce. But they saw many strange creatures and among them were the flying-fish that often landed on the decks. The sailors happily ate them.

Soon they encountered stormy weather and the ships lost sight of one another. But when they came together again, two of them were no longer seaworthy and had to be abandoned. With the remaining

three vessels, they continued and reached Port St. Julian. Here they met tall big natives who looked like giants. Long

ago, Magellan had found them, too, and had named them Patagonians, meaning people with big clumsy-looking feet, for they wore large boots made of skins of animals, One of Drake's men was tried and executed for mutiny. It is a strange coincidence that Magellan, too, had punished his rebel captains here.

After rallying his men with a remarkable speech and changing the name of his flagship to the Golden Hind, Drake continued on his voyage.

Before long the fleet of three vessels sailed through the deadly Strait of Magellan with speed and ease, only to emerge into the terrific storms of the Pacific. It was on September 6, 1578 that the English keels first ploughed the waters of this great Ocean and made history, and the monopoly of Spain was broken forever.

But the ships were in mortal danger, unable to sail clear of the raging gales. The fierce winds and the terrible storms lasted for almost two months and Drake and his men thought that they would all be soon drowned. The vessels got scattered and the smallest, the Marigold, was carried away by the turbulent waters and was never heard of again and Elizabeth found herself back in the deadly strait and subsequently sailed away to England. Meanwhile, the cable of the Golden Hind, which was put into bay for shelter, suddenly broke and she drifted from her moorings out into the sea. The brave captain and his men on deck were now alone. The high wind bore the ship before it. The storms abated and the vessel was blown to the south a long way past the strait, right to the very end of America, which is now called Cape Horn.

Food and water were fast running out. But not long afterwards, they met a native fisherman in a little boat. He offered to show them where they could get all the provisions they wanted and guided them to a port called Valparaiso. This was a rich city with a storehouse of wine and plenty of good food. There was also a ship in the harbour laden with much gold and precious stones on board. The Spaniards were taken aback by the sudden appearance of Drake and his men and were not ready to fight them. So, the visitors helped themselves to everything they wanted, gold and enough wine and bread to last them a long time.

The mariners now continued along the coast. At one place, down on the beach they found a Spaniard sleeping soundly with a dozen bars of silver heaped beside him. They guietly took the silver and went

away leaving the man to his blissful slumber and perhaps dreams of his stolen wealth. At another place they met a Spanish gentleman driving along eight strange animals never before seen by any Englishman. They were called the llamas, bigger than the sheep with long necks. The beasts were laden with leather bags full of silver. Fortune had at last favoured these adventurous English sailors.

At a port called Lima, there were almost thirty ships lying moored to one anchor. All their sails had been lowered, for the masters and the merchants were unsuspicious of the presence of an enemy on the coast. The English arrived there at night and took the Spaniards by surprise. They could not resist the onslaught. The dauntless mariner did what he wished, taking much gold, silk and linen. Here Drake learnt that the pride of the Spaniards, the glory of the South Seas, the vessel Cacafuego meaning Spitfire, with a fabulous treasure had left the port just a fortnight ago. Without further delay, the very next morning, the English sailors sailed away in hot pursuit. After almost two weeks, they saw a sail in the distance. It was indeed the ship they were after. The masterful Drake shot the main mast of the enemy vessel and caught up with her. The surprised Spanish captain had no option but to surrender.

The *Cacafuego* was indeed a treasure chest. She had on board gold and silver, jewels and precious stones, and other things worth a great deal of money. Drake made the Spaniards give them all up. This proved a dream prize, the humblest sailor's share being sufficient to make him a man of wealth.

Then after weeks of very cold and rough weather the *Golden Hind* touched a great harbour somewhere on the western coast of North America. Here Drake decided to rest his men and mend the leak that had sprung in the ship. The simple natives thought that the strangers were gods. The men bowed to them and the women tore their faces with their fingernails and flung themselves on the hard ground, thinking that it would please the visitors. However

hard the English captain tried to explain that he and his companions were also men like them, they would not understand. The native chief implored him to stay back and be their ruler. But Francis Drake hoisting the British flag told the local people that the country now belonged to Queen Elizabeth. He called it Nova Albion or New England.

When at last he sailed away after a sojourn of five weeks, the natives wept bitterly and climbed the hills to see the last of the *Golden Hind* as it slowly disappeared in the distance. Now Drake dared not go back the way he had come, because he knew that the vengeful Spaniards were sure to be looking for him. So, he thought of returning home by the route Magellan had taken. He sailed across the great Pacific for more than two months with nothing but the sea below and the sky above. This daring journey narrowly escaped certain disaster when the ship ran hard aground on a dangerous reef. Luckily a fresh blast of wind and gale blew her off the rock and shallow water and into the open sea again.

After rounding the Cape of Good Hope and then sailing up the length of Africa, the *Golden Hind* triumphantly reached England in September 1580 to a tumultuous welcome. Guns boomed as the little ship bravely sailed into the Plymouth Harbour. Some three years and around 36,000 miles had passed beneath her keel. Francis Drake and his men became the first English sailors to have ever sailed round the world. Queen Elizabeth later knighted this heroic adventurer on the deck of the *Golden Hind* that had borne him so far.

But all the raids of Francis Drake on the Spanish ships and settlements were carried out with remarkable restraint. Neither the Spanish nor the natives were intentionally harmed; there was very little violence and there were very few casualties. Yet the Spaniards feared him so much that they called him El Draque, "The Dragon". Not surprisingly, later he played a leading role in defeating the Great Armada sent by Spain to invade England. (AKD)



# CUMPSES OF THE DEVI BRACAVATAM

Sage Vasishtha, though he was the family priest of King Nimi, rejected his request to perform a yajna for him, and decided to accept Lord Indra's invitation to conduct another yajna he had arranged.

Meanwhile, Nimi made Sage Gautam his priest and began his Yajna. Sages and holy men, who had been invited to the yajna, were given handsome gifts.

Vasishtha duly concluded Indra's Yajna and received many gifts. He then went to meet Nimi. His Yajna was about to be over. Tired, he was resting.

When Vasishtha learnt that Nimi had not cared to wait for him, he angrily shouted, "I'm your family priest. You ignored me and began the Yajna with someone else. This is audacious. I'm told you are lying in bed. Continue lying like that till your body becomes lifeless!"

Those who heard Vasishtha's curse ran to the king and informed him about it. King Nimi, agitated, addressed Vasishtha, "How could you be so unjust to me? Had I not invited you first? But you chose to go to Indra for the sake of rewards! Now you come and curse a sleeping man! Very well, if I am to leave my body, I throw a similar curse on you. You, too, cannot live in your body!"

Vasishtha realised that he had cursed a sleeping man and that was improper. Secondly, it was true that the king could not be blamed entirely. Indeed, he had asked Vasishtha first to preside over his Yajna!

Vasishtha hurried to Brahma and informed him of the curse that hung over his head.

Brahma saw to it that Vasishtha's consciousness found shelter in the person of Mitravarun. It was long afterwards that a new body was made for him.

Nimi, despite the curse that lay on him, completed the Yajna. Then he left his body. But the sages who had gathered there sat around him and prayed for his consciousness getting back into his body.

The gods appeared and declared that Nimi could not re-enter the same body, but could have a new one. Nimi, however, was not willing to live in a body again. He said, "As long as the body and the consciousness are together, there is no escape from suffering." He then prayed to the Divine Mother and wanted to remain in everybody's eyes. The Divine Mother granted the prayer. Nimi became blinking in the eyes of all. That is why the wink is called a Nimish.



From the abandoned body of Nimi was created another body in which lived another soul. Because this new body was created under a special circumstance, the man was called Videha or the special bodied one. It was he who became famous afterwards as King Janaka.

In days gone by there was a dynasty called the Haihayas. The princes of the dynasty were powerful rulers who dominated the earth for a long time.

Kartavirya was a king who hailed from this dynasty. He was as strong as he was religious. He was the richest of all the rulers.

Kartavirya revered the priest of his dynasty, Bhrigu. He was never tired of heaping wealth on the priest. Bhrigu became very rich—next only to the king.

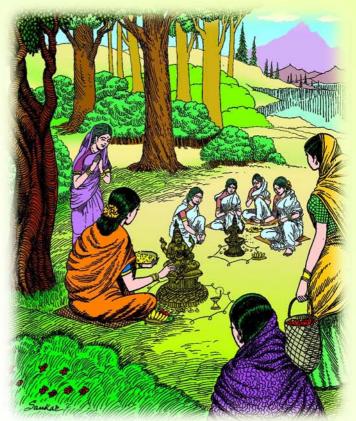
Time passed. The Haihayas fell into lean days after the death of King Kartavirya. Being proud of their wealth, his successors idled away their time. Taking advantage of their mood, their officers stole from the treasury while flatterers exploited them.

Soon the Haihayas were left with nothing. In the meanwhile, the descendants of Bhrigu, called the Bhrigus, had grown immensely rich. The Haihaya princes, in a group, set out to meet the Bhrigus. They wished to get a part of the fabulous wealth of the Bhrigus. As soon as the Bhrigus learnt about the mission of the Haihayas, they fled to the hills along with their wealth.

This infuriated the Haihayas. They invaded the hills. The Bhrigus were not willing to part with their wealth. The princes were determined to possess it. Their quarrel and scuffle reached a climax when the agitated Haihayas massacred the Bhrigus and took their hidden wealth away.

The hermits living in the hills, who witnessed the violence told the Haihayas, "Fie! You princes are expected to protect your subjects. But what're you doing? You're destroying the family of your priests!"

"Hermits, you fail to see our point of view. How did the Bhrigus become so wealthy? Isn't it because of the gifts given by our forefathers? It is the duty of the priests to look after the welfare of their charge. When we the princes are reduced to misery, our priests are sitting over their idle wealth. They even hide their wealth in the caves like robbers. What's wrong in taking away money from thieves? It is said that money greedily accumulated will



one day fall into the hands of either bandits or the king. We're from the royal family. There's nothing wrong in our taking hold of this wealth."

The hermits looked on as the Haihayas ruthlessly plundered the wealth of the Bhrigus. They even tortured the women and children of their priests.

Once again it was demonstrated what untold harm wealth can cause. It destroyed the Bhrigus on one hand and made the Haihayas sinners on the other.

The women of the Bhrigus fled to the Himalayas. They lived in a valley overlooked by huge rocks and passed their time praying to the Divine Mother.

One of them was expecting a child. They were told in their dreams that the child to be born was coming as their saviour— with powers given to it by the Divine Mother.

Soon the child was born. It was a boy who radiated an aura. Great was the joy of the Bhrigu women.

The vengeful Haihayas despatched spies to locate the Bhrigu women. After much wandering, the spies reached the valley where the women lived, but no sooner they looked at the child than they lost their visions!

(To continue)

# Fencion

#### A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY:

### A QUESTION OF

here is yet another legend about King Chandrapir of Kashmir. The story goes that one day, as he sat in court, a lady came with a strange complaint. She was the widow of a Brahmin scholar, Devadutt, who had met with sudden death while asleep. He had been perfectly hale and hearty and had no complaints whatever when he went to sleep that night. And yet he was no more the next morning. Devadutt's wife had called a *vaid* of renown to examine his body and he had found nothing wrong.

"Well, that happens sometimes," said King Chandrapir thoughtfully. "Not every death can be explained logically."

"But this was not a normal death, your majesty," said the lady, "I know how it was brought about and I want you to punish the culprit." Her words caused a sensation in the royal court, and everyone started talking

at once. Everyone knew and respected Devadutt and they had been astonished and very sorry at his sudden death.

The king asked them to keep quiet and asked, "And who do you think is the culprit?"

"It is Harihara," said the lady without any hesitation. Again there was a buzz in the court. Everyone knew Harihara, too, and practically everyone disliked him. He was mean, petty, miserly and usually kept to himself. He was said to practise black magic and get things done by questionable means. Once again, King Chandrapir demanded silence.

"Do you know it for certain?" he asked. "How can you be so sure? Did you actually see Harihara kill your husband?"

"No, but I know it is he," said the lady, "he has always been jealous of my husband, right from the time they were both boys. Harihara resented his scholarship, his success and his popularity, and has always tried to harm him. I know he got my husband killed by his black magic."

"Have you any proof?" the king asked again.

"No," answered the lady, "but why do you need proof for something that is so obvious? Ask anyone in the court and they'll tell you the same."

King Chandrapir looked worried. "Your guess may be right, but I cannot punish anyone without actual proof."

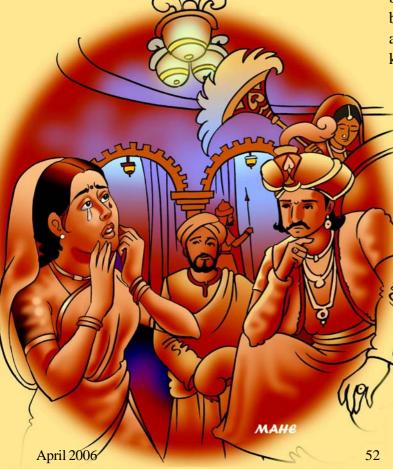
"How can you prove black magic?" asked the lady scornfully.

"I can't," agreed the king. "What do you suggest?"

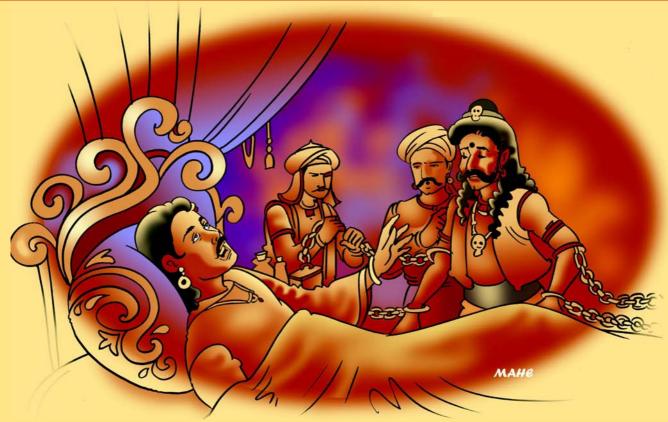
"Put Harihara to death. He got my husband killed, so he deserves it."

"I shall try to discover if he was really guilty by other means," said the king. "If he is, I'll certainly punish him. But I cannot put him to death unless I'm a hundred per cent sure."

Devadutt's wife was not satisfied, but she knew that



#### BEING FAIR-MINDED



the king could not be swayed from what he considered to be his duty. Chandrapir selected a suitable team of people to find out the doings of Harihara. They succeeded in finding out that he had played some role in getting Devadutt killed although there was no absolute proof. He decided on Harihara's punishment accordingly. This enraged Harihara and he now looked upon King Chandrapir as his enemy, someone to get even with. Many people knew how he felt and tried to caution the king. But Chandrapir did not take the warnings seriously. Unfortunately, King Chandrapir's younger brother Tarapir came to know how Harihara felt and decided to team up with him. Tarapir wanted to overthrow his brother and grab the throne for himself. So he made much of Harihara and together they decided on a plan to get rid of Chandrapir.

Once again Harihara made use of his black magic and Chandrapir suddenly took ill for no reason. It was

really strange and no medicine could do him any good. The ministers suspected Harihara and laid a trap to catch him red handed. Harihara was forced to confess what he had done and why. The ministers dragged him to King Chandrapir's bedside. "Sire, this wretched man is the cause of your illness. Please have him put to death," said the chief minister, "he has himself confessed to the crime. Besides, this is treason and he deserves to die."

Chandrapir was in great pain and opened his eyes with great difficulty. "But this man is not to blame because it is my brother who asked him to do it," he said, "it was not his own plan and he must have been tempted. He does not deserve capital punishment for that."

"Sire, it is because of him that you are in your death bed," cried the ministers.

"I've to be fair—even in my death bed," said Chandrapir. And he died with a smile on his lips.

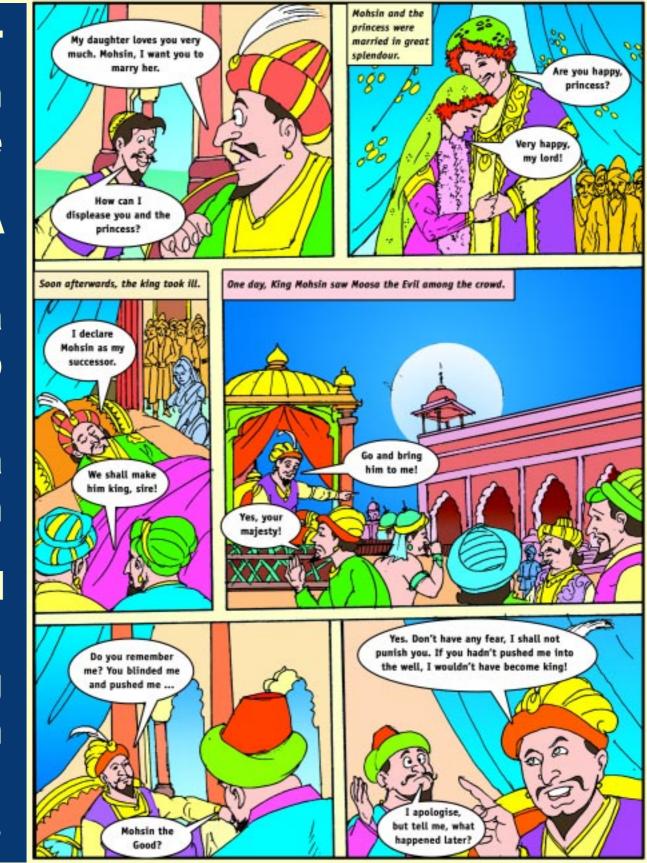
- Swapna Dutta













#### HALLMARK OF A VISIONARY



Sonepur was a small village where the people lived in great harmony. Most of them were engaged in agriculture. The fertile lands of the village, combined with their hard labour, resulted in a bountiful harvest each year. The villagers were known for their hard work, honesty and integrity. In fact, Sonepur was considered a model village in the kingdom. There was a famous Siva temple, and devotees used to flock to the temple in large numbers throughout the year.

The king became curious to know the reason for the exceptional progress of the village and the exemplary life of the villagers. One day, he disguised himself as an astrologer and visited Sonepur along with his minister. He went to a landlord's house and offered his services as an astrologer. The landlord politely declined. "Gentlemen! Both of you might be good in astrology. But I'm not interested in knowing my future. Rather, I rely more on my own efforts and I would like to acquire my fortunes, if any, through my hard work only."

The king asked, "Would you please name someone else who might be interested in astrology?"

The landlord said, "Sorry! Most of us in this village wouldn't be interested. We believe in hard work. Because our mental attitudes have been moulded by a great man here! You should meet Kamalnath, our mentor! Perhaps, he might be able to suggest to you how best you could use your talents here!"

The king then took leave of him and went to meet Kamalnath. "Sir! We heard the villagers paying lavish tributes to you! We're astrologers. Can you suggest how we can serve the villagers here?"

Kamalnath replied: "I don't belittle the value of astrology. But if you offer your services to individuals, it might only result in giving them false hopes of fortune and dampen their faith on effort. Instead, if you can predict natural calamities like famine, outbreak of epidemic and cyclone, it might be more beneficial to all of us!"

The king was very much impressed with his reply and disclosed his identity. Kamalnath bowed to him and paid due respect to them. The king said, "Kamalnath, I now understand how Sonepur is a cut above the other villages.

I'm delighted to see a wise and knowledgeable man like you. I plan to send a team of young men from the capital. I would request you to enlighten them in all matters pertaining to welfare and progress of villages in my kingdom. I shall then send them to various villages to implement welfare schemes so that all the villages in my kingdom will prosper like Sonepur!"" Kamalnath readily agreed.

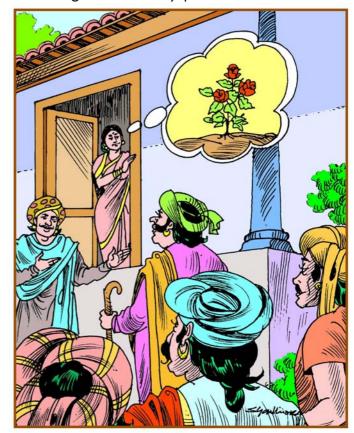
Accordingly, a team of young men was sent from the capital to Kamalnath for training. He imparted to them the rudiments of civic administration. After their training, the young men were posted to different villages as administrative officials. The king began closely monitoring the progress of the villages under the new officials. To his disappointment, he could not see any perceptible changes in those villages even after a reasonable period. He could not make out whether the officials were ineffective or their training itself was ineffective. The minister suggested to the king to ask Kamalnath to shift to a different village and take the responsibility of administration of that village. If he could make the new village prosper, then it might prove his ability. The king agreed and requested Kamalnath to shift to Rampur and work for its improvement.

Kamalnath went to Rampur, which then was in a shambles. The villagers provided him an old house with a garden. Kamalnath took up the task of working for the welfare of Rampur in great zest. He met each family, found out their means of livelihood, and suggested ways of improving their lot. He advised them on matters pertaining to all aspects of agriculture like selection of crop, seedling, irrigation, use of manures and harvesting. He stressed on the importance of hard work, unity and cooperation. He taught them the basic ethics in life. He planned

several welfare schemes and implemented them with their cooperation. Slowly, Rampur started progressing. In all his activities, Kamalnath used to involve his wife also and she, too, took part in every activity wholeheartedly. Seeing visible changes in their life-style, the villagers were very much impressed with Kamalnath and his wife. They wanted to show their appreciation of their work by showering gifts. But Kamalnath refused to accept any. His wife, however, wanted a red rose plant for her garden. The rose plant grew slowly.

The king found that Kamalnath had indeed done his duty very well. He was puzzled. If the trainer could be so successful why not the trainees? The minister suggested, "Sir, this might be just accidental, after all! Why don't we now shift him to another village and see?"

The king reluctantly agreed, but he wanted to meet Kamalnath once again. So, he went to the village without any prior intimation. When



Algebra, trigonometry and calculus had originated from India. Quadratic equations were used by Sridharacharya in the 11th century. The largest numbers the Greeks and the Romans used were 106 whereas Hindus used numbers as big as 10<sup>53</sup> (i.e 10 to the power of 53) with specific names as early as 5000 B.C. during the Vedic period. Even today, the largest used number is Tera: 10<sup>12</sup> (10 to the power of 12).



he reached his house, only Kamalnath's wife was there. She was surprised to see the king.

The king said, "Madam, I would like to shift your husband to another village and both of you can continue your good work there also."

She hesitated. She took him to her garden and showed the rose plant. "O king! See this rose plant which I've nurtured with great care. Please allow us to stay until it blossoms!"

It was now the turn of the king to get surprised. "Are you so much attached to this plant? This is nothing. In your new village, I shall get many rose plants planted for you."

"Excuse me, O King!" said she. "You didn't understand what I meant. This village Rampur was in an orphaned state when we came here. We accepted the orphan as our own. We nurtured it with great care and affection and watched its growth with much zeal and pleasure. Rampur is right now like this rose plant. Our

work is only half-finished. We would like to stay here for some more time until our village blossoms with all its beauty. Please allow us to fulfil our task for the sake of this lovable village and our kind-hearted brethren here."

The king was overwhelmed with what she said. "Madam, now I clearly understand what was puzzling me all along. I'm touched by your devotion to duty and your sense of belonging. You treat the villagers as your own kith and kin and love them dearly. You're so much attached to them. This must be the secret of your success. Welfare schemes alone aren't enough. Those who implement them should have a human face. I've realized why the trainer is successful and not the trainees. You can stay here as long as you want. Afterwards, you can move to any place in the kingdom on your own and do anything you please. I'll give you full support." The king then took leave of her.



## CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-4

All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.

What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-4** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by April 30, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the June issue.

Watch for the results of Quiz No.1, 2 and 3 in the next issue

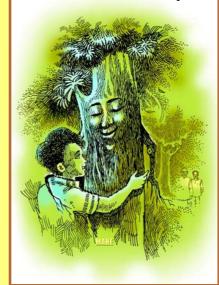
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\* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner.

However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

- 1. "If our prince marries Princess Madhulika, he's destined to die of snakebit within a month of the wedding." Who uttered this warning, to whom?
- 2. Someone saw him in Ceylon. He was heard of in Burma. He then turned up in Java. Then he disappeared. Who is being referred to here? Was he traced later?
- 3. Which is India's largest lagoon?
- 4. Can you identify Thimmamma Mari Manu?
- 5. "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Who said this? What was the 'slip' he is referring to?
- 6. One king was declared "unfit to be the ruler of a free people". Who were the "free" people? Which ruler were they referring to?
- 7. "My tree is no ordinary tree!" This remark came from a little girl. Who was she? What made her say that?
- 8. A house has a thousand windows, but it is not a palace either. Where will you go to see this unique house?
- 9. "Here's gold from the sun!" Who said this, to whom? What was he referring to?

10. Identify the illustration by the name of the story.



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fairly young saint was sitting in front of a temple, meditating. The chief of the army, who was passing along, happened to see the saint in meditation. At once, he got down from his horse and approached the saint. He called him gently, and when the saint opened his eyes, he bowed to him and said, "O holy man! Would you be kind enough to clarify my doubt?"

The saint smiled at him and said, "Go ahead!"

The chief asked him: "Do heaven and hell really exist? If they do exist, could you show them to me?"

The saint asked him: "Who are you?"

The chief replied proudly, "I'm the chief of the army!"

"You don't seem to be worthy of the post!" remarked the saint.

The chief flew into a rage. He instantly drew out his sword and scowled at him, "How dare you insult me?"

The saint said, "O chief! You've opened the doors of hell by your behaviour!"

The chief felt ashamed of his action and controlled himself. He said, "Kindly pardon me for my rude behaviour!"

"Now you're opening the doors of heaven!" said the saint. " Evil qualities like greed, ego, desire and anger would lead a man to hell, whereas noble qualities like love, mercy, and tolerance would lead him to heaven. So, don't search for heaven and hell anywhere else. They're within you, in your heart!"

"Thank you, O holy man! I can understand now!" said the chief and took leave of the saint.

#### **DID YOU KNOW?**

The value of "pi" was first calculated by the Indian Mathematician Budhayana, and he explained the concept of what is known as the Pythagorean Theorem. He discovered this in the 6th century, which was long before the European mathematicians.





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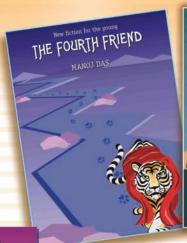
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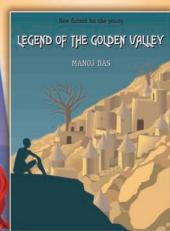
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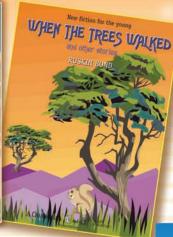
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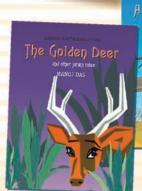








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